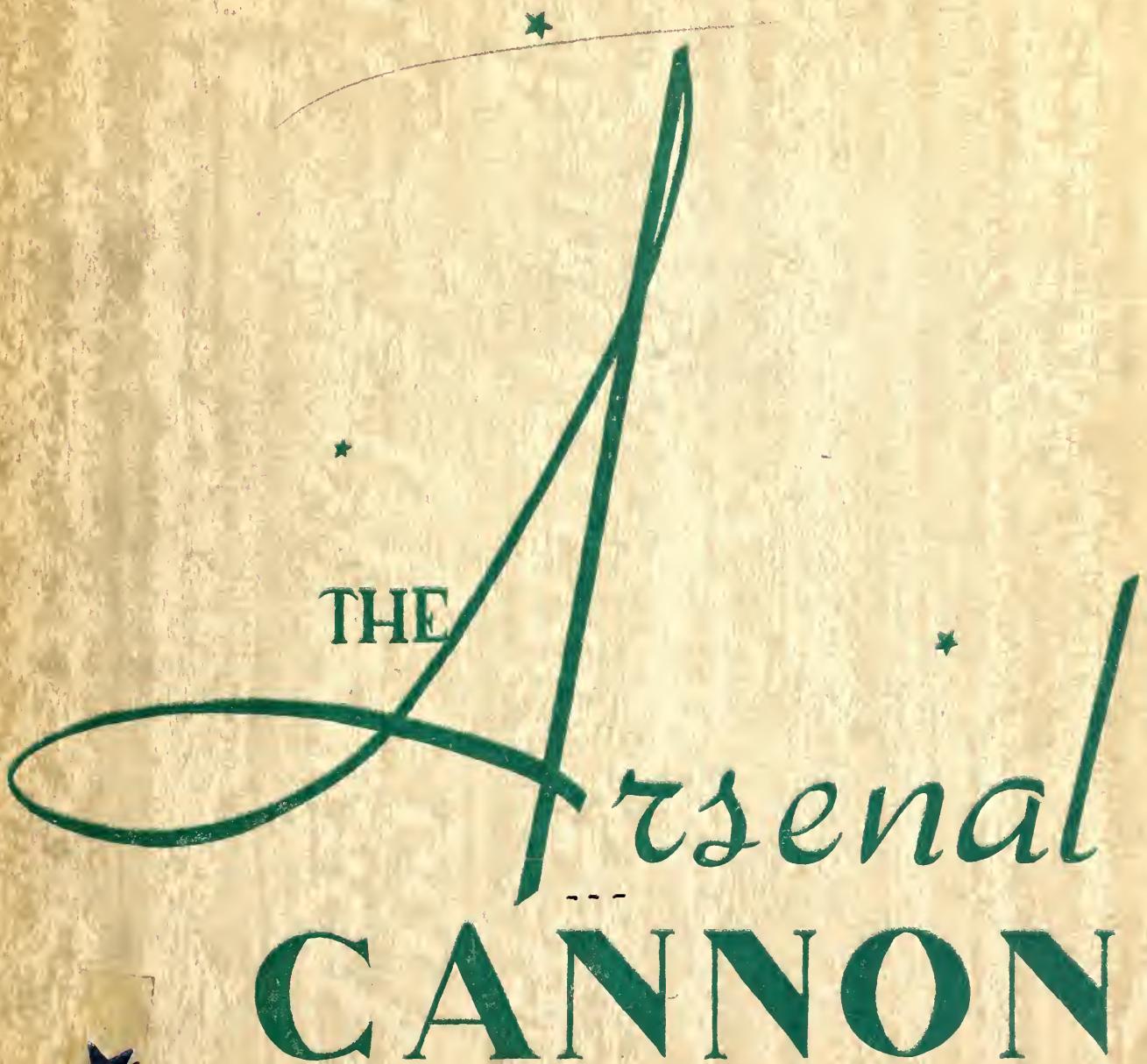


INDIANAPOLIS, ARSENAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS



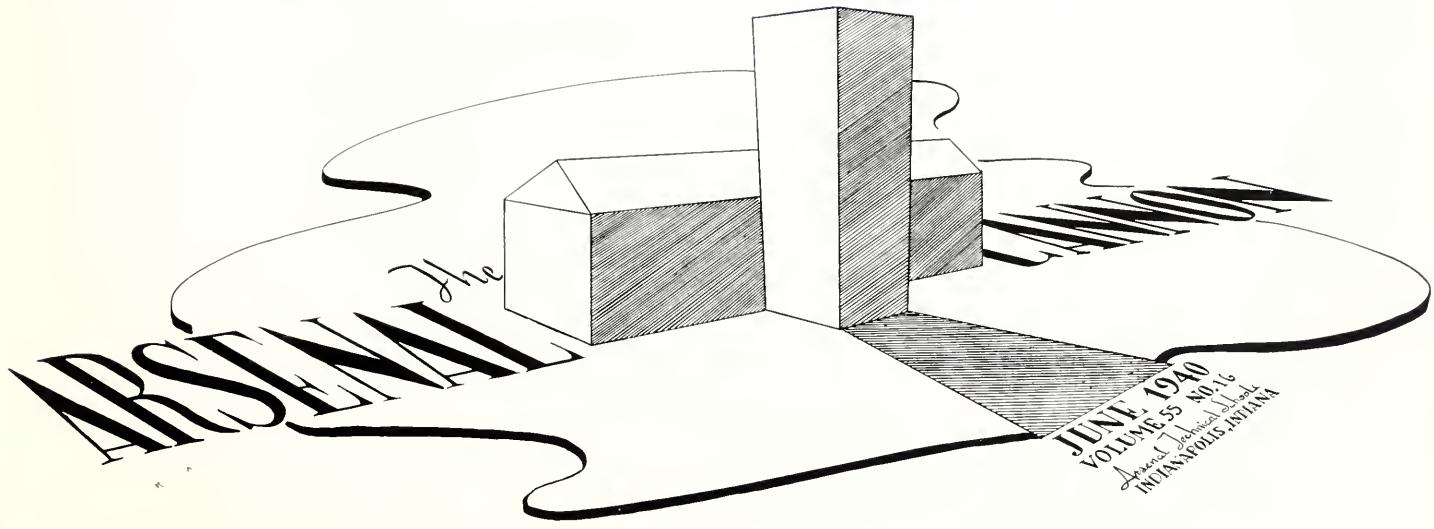
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Arsenal
CANNON

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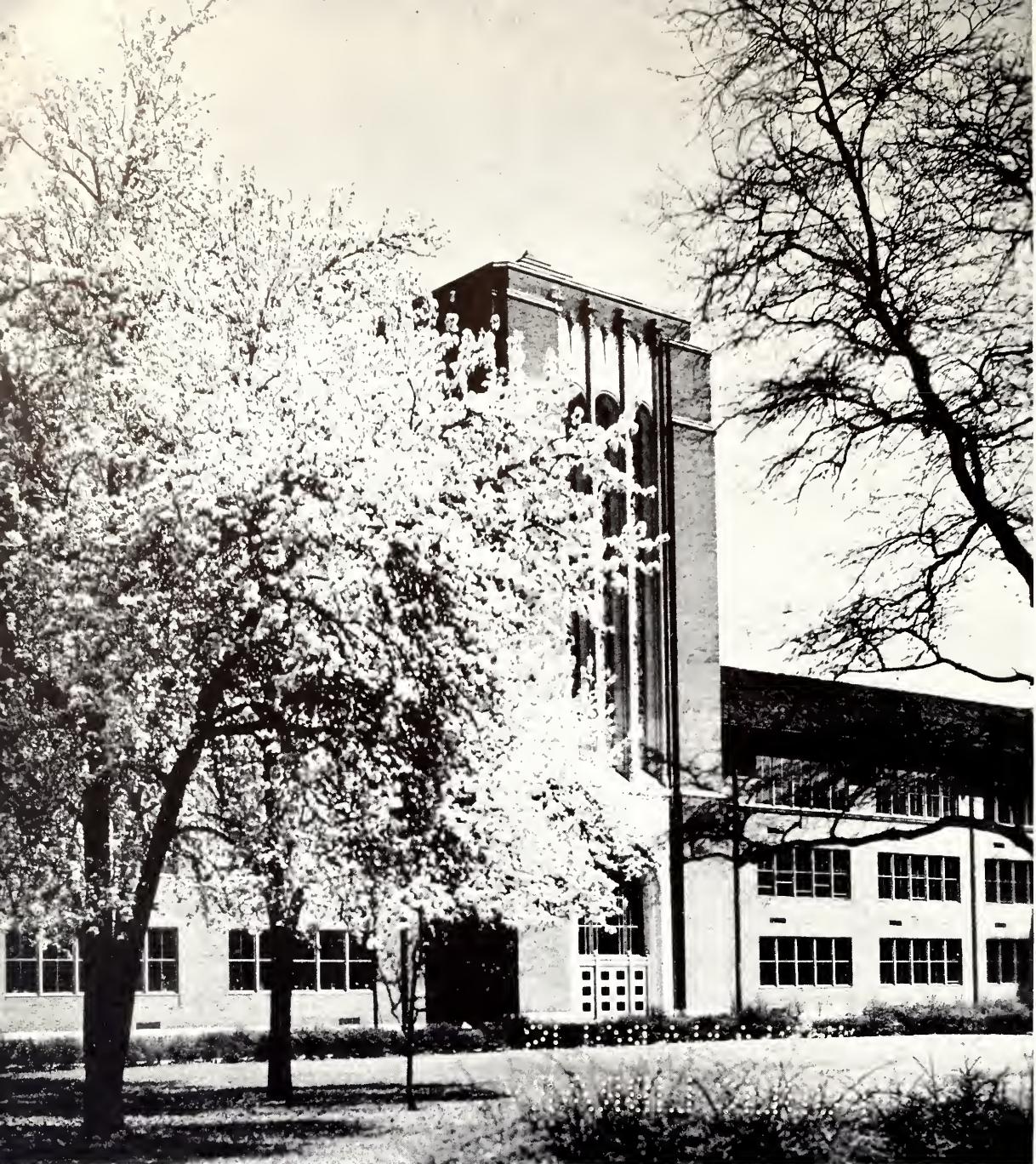
R 371,805
1940
June



ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER
DECEMBER 6, 1921, AT POST OFFICE
AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, UNDER
THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1897. ISSUED
WEEKLY. SUBSCRIPTION RATES, SEV-
ENTY-FIVE CENTS PER NEWS AND
MAGAZINE COPY. ONE DOLLAR PER
SEMESTER BY MAIL. DATE OF
ISSUE—JUNE 3, 1940



JUNE 1940
VOLUME 55 NO. 16
A Journal of Critical Ideas
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA



SPRING COMES TO STUART HALL

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Foreword

OVERSHADOWING the quadrangle, with its tower rising far above the campus, the Milo H. Stuart Memorial Hall commands the admiration of visitors and the reverence of students. Behind its pure architectural beauty is a beauty of strength and sound structure, of steel girders and masonry of which the students of Tech are not aware.

Just as they are unfamiliar with the background of Stuart Hall, so are they unaware of many obscure places on Tech's campus. They are graduated, never having been inside the lunchroom kitchen, oblivious to the Powder Magazine, only mildly curious about the heating tunnels and the attics, and never having visited backstage, thus missing many of the interesting sights that are behind the scenes.

To explore and to present a few of these places to the student body is one of the missions of this, the June magazine of 1940.

Another is to picture activities of the classroom and the extra-curricular life of the average student.

To the class of 1940 is devoted the third and major portion of this magazine, which presents individual pictures of more than 1,300 seniors.

In editing this magazine, we, the editors, have had then, a triple purpose: to present briefly some "behind the scenes" activities that knowledge and appreciation of the school may be increased, to show a cross-section of campus life, and to give recognition to the graduating class of 1940.



B

A



C

B

We
REMINISCE

A A far cry from the modern scientifically designed building on the north side of the Tech campus was the first Fresh Air School, torn down in 1920.

B An uncompleted hydrodynamo, a huge machine almost two stories in height and weighing hundreds of pounds, was once erected in what is now the new lunchroom. Although not a perpetual motion machine, it would have been near to such a device, had it been completed.

C Pumped from a well on the campus, water for Tech's needs was stored in this old tower, situated north of the Annex.

D After the little office was burned a fishpond was built on the site, the dedication being held in 1924.

E The old East Residence, twin to the West Residence, was razed when the south wing of the Main Building was constructed in 1928.

F A twin to the Guard House, the first office, which was burned in 1921, stood in the center of the Quadrangle.

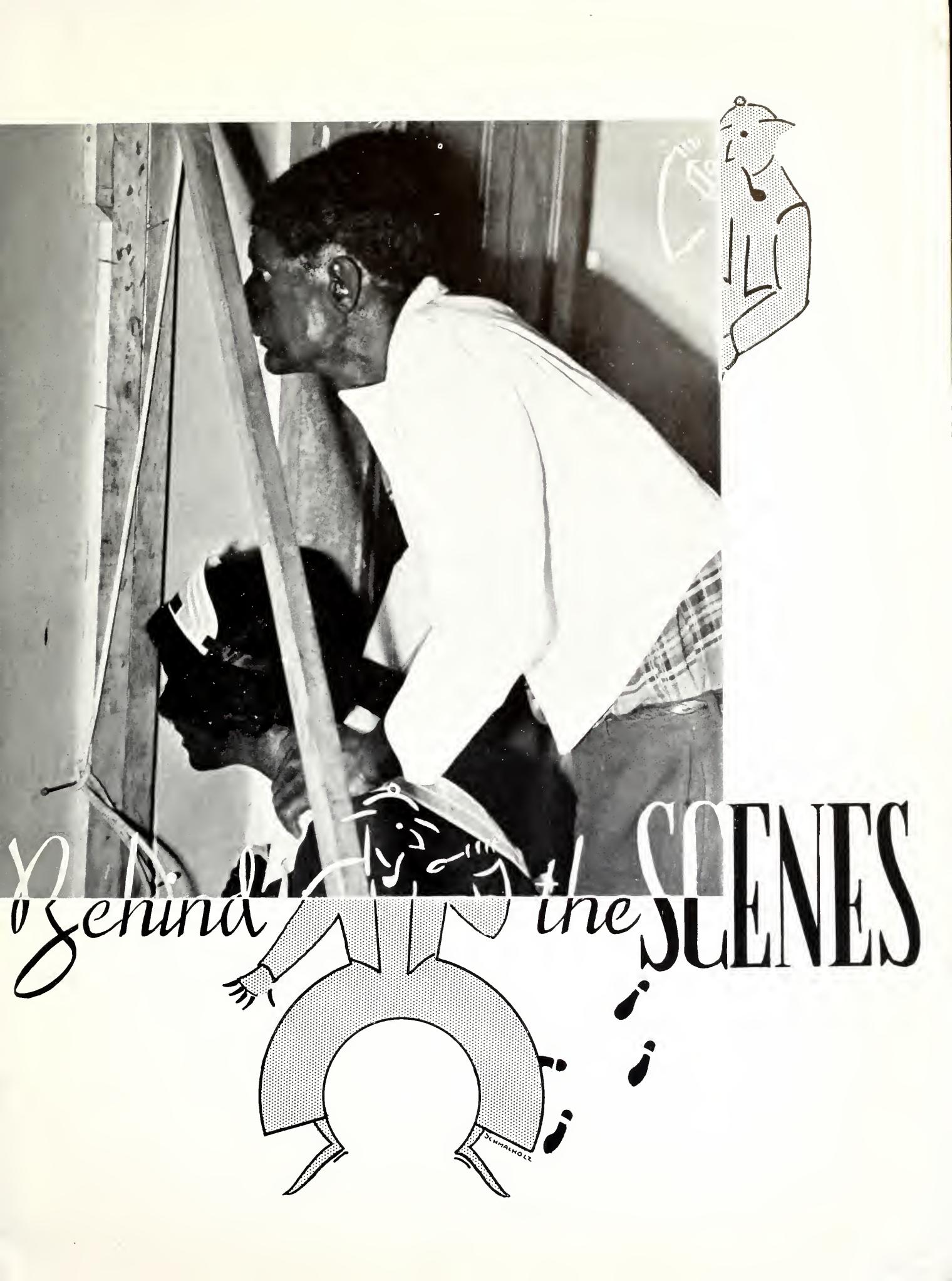
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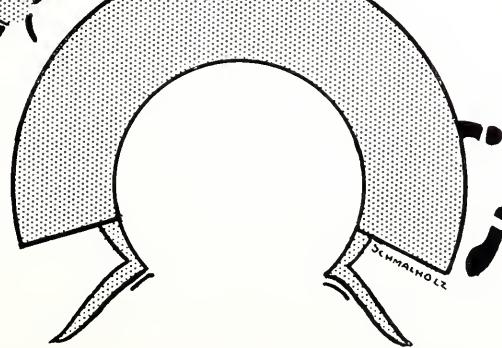
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Behind the SCENES

Behind the SCENES

Behind the SCENES





COME INTO THE *Kitchen*

A Sandwiches—3,200 of them—are usually made daily for Tech's hungry students by busy women in the kitchen.

B Inevitable is the dishwashing, but this nuisance of housekeepers is dealt with in Tech's lunchroom with an efficiently modern dishwasher.

C Popular three-cent specials such as chili and beef stew are steam-cooked in giant kettles. This one has a capacity of 75 gallons.

D Typical of the huge stoves and large utensils used in the lunchroom kitchen are the giant pastry oven and stove.

E Colorful, attractive salads are made by the dozen for lunchroom use.

F A handy gadget with four gear speeds takes care of the favorite dish—mashed potatoes. Two hushels of steam cooked "spuds" are used at one mixing.



A



B



C



D

WE LOOK *Backstage*

A A completed set is being placed, ready for the performance.

B In process of construction is a stencil design reproduced as a wallpaper pattern for the set of "You Can't Take It With You."

C Students in stagecraft classes construct sets for many school productions.

D Mr. Herbert Traub, stage technician, coaxes the lighting effects from the main switch-board.



A Colonel Will H. Brown, in charge of the Magazine, works at his desk on the many records which must be kept up to date.



B Here many hundreds of uniforms are stored with one hundred pounds of moth-discouraging naphtholine scattered about.



C Raising and lowering of the flag on the top-most part of the encircling hill is a daily ceremony.



D Through the doors of the Magazine each year file about 2,000 members of the city high school R.O.T.C. units to receive their uniforms.

WE VISIT THE *Magazine*



A The recently constructed cement bleachers on the south side of the stadium seat 4,000 spectators.



B Gentlemen of the press watch the progress of the game and write their stories from inside this press box.



C Construction of the north side of the stadium will finish the entire bleacher structure of the field.



D Few Techites will see this part of the stadium where football uniforms, after use, are placed in lockers. A unique drying system has been established which forces hot air up through the lockers, drying the uniforms.

LIFE IN THE O'Donnell HOME

by THELMA LOSTUTTER
English Va

PACE did not reign in the large red brick house halfway up in the next block. In the O'Donnell home peace seldom reigned. The easy-going, lovable Irish family always took life as it came. And somehow or other it usually came. Perhaps eight-year-old Mary Lib did burn the house down while making imaginary cakes or fourteen-year-old Paul did blow the house up while in his chemical laboratory in the basement. Was this anything to upset a lively family to which something was always happening?

Every small calamity was met with calmness if not a smile. Perhaps it was because Mrs. O'Donnell was used to Bill's bringing in a group of six friends for bacon and eggs at eleven o'clock at night. Or it might be that Mr. O'Donnell had more than once heard Jim say that one of the fenders of the new car was slightly dented. Then when the head of the family examined the fender, the slight dent usually resembled the opening of a cave. However, no matter what happened to the property, the six joyous people were all happy if each of them was alive and accounted for.

Day had given way to darkness and the fresh moonlit night found every member of the family within the rambling walls of their home. The family seemed to accept the night as a shield to protect their actions, for an uproar had risen which drowned the chimes of the neighborhood church bell which under ordinary circumstances could be heard for a mile around.

In the tumult Mrs. O'Donnell sat at the piano playing the "Blue Danube." Bill had brought his set of drums from his room and was hilariously beating out the rhythm of a swing tune from the radio. The electric victrola had been plugged in, but one could scarcely hear the recording.

With his Latin textbook opened before him, sitting next to the victrola, Paul did not understand why he could not concentrate on his lessons. In the playroom with her family of eight dolls seated around the little table, Mary Lib was having a grand time at the tea party for which she had planned all day.

From the floor above there was an uproar, and suddenly Jim appeared, leaping down the steps six at a time. He howled something about the keys to the car and made a dash for the door. Papa O'Donnell didn't hear him for he was concerned at the moment with his own affairs.

Spring had sprung and the master had rescued his fishing rod and tackle from the attic. It had needed a slight repairing after his wife used part of the tackle to bind Grandpa O'Donnell's Christmas package. At the moment he had just hooked Uncle Bill's picture and sent it crashing to the floor. Much to his joy that picture would hang no longer.

Across the lawn to the east, peering from behind the curtain in her usual place, Miss Phoebe Sullivan clucked her tongue in wonder. How was it that the stately old house could surpass all the happenings the whirling family next door thought to bring about? Why, Miss Phoebe could remember the Civil War days when that same house had gazed upon

lovely young ladies and gallant young men as they danced and laughed to hide the tears of farewell that must be bade to chivalrous soldiers. For two years General Sherman had been stationed within those very walls.

The little old lady knew every nook and corner of the house which was now the home of the O'Donnells. Before her beloved friends had moved to a distant state she had spent the happiest hours of her life there. Ten years had woven in and out, yet Miss Phoebe had never lost interest in the red brick structure. Still she never ventured to cross her yard to acquaint herself with the family.

The night was growing shorter and the O'Donnells were growing tired. Everyone was seated in the living room listening to the group's favorite radio program—everyone but the baby. She was still in the playroom with her dolls. Everything was quiet in her little room, so it was evident that Mary Lib had drifted into dreamland.

Nine o'clock arrived and Mrs. O'Donnell rose to tuck her daughter in bed. No matter how much excitement was going on or whether the rest of the family was awake until midnight, Mama O'Donnell always put the child to bed when the hands of the clock showed nine. She opened the playroom door, but Mary Lib was not in the room. Surely that child hadn't locked herself in the closet again. No, the closet was empty as she could see because the door was standing open. Perhaps Mary Lib had gone upstairs to go to bed by herself.

A minute later Mama scurried down the stairs screaming her daughter's name.

Two minutes later everyone was searching the house for the child. Every room was scanned, but without results. By this time Jim had returned and his father and he went outdoors to examine the neighborhood. On their return Papa gathered the family in the living room.

Since the news of Mary Lib's disappearance, Paul had gone directly from the dining room to the living room. Never once did he leave. He had looked under the rug, in the radio, behind the pictures, in the ash-trays and every other possible or impossible place where his sister might be.

Seeing his wife in hysterics, Papa O'Donnell decided what he must do. The radio was still going and at nine o'clock the police calls were coming over the air. That was the solution: he would summon the police. Heading for the radio he checked himself. It was best that he use the telephone.

Before he could leave the room, a little figure was standing among the aroused group. No, Mary Lib had not returned nor had her ghost appeared. Miss Phoebe Sullivan was stretching her four feet and eleven inches to the extremity of five feet as she raised her voice to ring atop the chaos.

In a quiet and matter-of-fact way she introduced herself, explaining her mission as if she had every right in the world to be among the family. And why didn't she have a right to be there? Hadn't she seen Bill when he broke his collarbone playing football in the back yard as he tried to tackle the goal post by accident? And hadn't she been standing by her kitchen window when Jimmy ran the car into the wrong side of the garage? Why, she knew the family as well as if she lived in the same house with them. On this evening she had been sitting at a window directly across the lawn from

Mary Lib's playroom and as she knitted she had watched Mary Lib playing with her dolls.

After introducing herself Miss Phoebe asked to be led to the playroom. The family was following the little lady around as a group of baby chickens would follow their mother hen. Not knowing what to do or say, they thought it best to see what Miss Phoebe was about.

They were grouped in the playroom as she switched on the light in the closet. Never once glancing over her shoulder, she pushed her hand against one of the boards in the wall. Slowly the entire west wall of the closet swung open. This little act would have knocked Mama down had Papa not been back of her and it would have knocked Papa down had Jimmy not been back of him.

The O'Donnells tumbled forward to see what was inside the hidden room. Merciful heavens! Curled up on the floor with her arm for a pillow was Mary Lib. Papa O'Donnell gathered the child in his arms and made his way upstairs to lay her in bed.

Coming downstairs he joined the group. Miss Phoebe was smiling slightly. She was remembering when she had locked herself in that room where General Sherman had always placed his important maps and papers for safe-keeping. Her friends had used it for a wine storage. Since the former occupants had moved, no one had known of its

existence until Mary Lib chanced on it in her playing. If one knocked from the inside of the compartment, he could not be heard.

The O'Donnells were soon merry again, for Mary Lib was safe in her bed, the rest of the family were all accounted for, and they had won a new friend. Before Miss Phoebe left, Jimmy promised to take her for a ride to see how it felt to drive eighty-five miles an hour.

Miss Phoebe closed the door behind her and left the family to themselves. Another evening was over; and though it was still quite early, the O'Donnells could go to bed and sleep in peace, for everyone was safe and sound within the walls of their home.

A WHITE DAFFODIL

by NATALIE JUNGE
English VI

Six pure petals held the cup of delicate fragrance.
So perfect was its form, I thought it artificial.
The sweet perfume from somewhere far beyond
Taught me the truth that
Only the skill of Nature's hand
Can fashion such exquisite grace.
Only Nature can shape
Such perfect loveliness
In one white daffodil.

THE *Lure* OF THE ROD

by WILLIAM POHLMAN
English VIIe

THREE YEARS ago a boy sat watching an old man with a long thin rod flip a brightly-colored feather out over a little pool. Suddenly there was a loud swish and something exploded out of the water. The rod bent as if it would snap in two. A long silver thing leaped and did a dance on its tail. It rushed out into the swift current, but the old man slowly guided it into a landing net. As he lifted his captive to get a better view, the fisherman threw out his chest, and a broad grin spread across his face.

To the youth standing there on the bank, all this was fascinating, for this was his first glimpse of a bronzeback. Now a bronzeback may be just another fish to you, but to the person who spends the long winter nights planning and scheming to outwit this crafty individual, it deserves respect. Even the person who has never pursued the bass in its watery haunts, who has eaten only a sizzling morsel, fried a golden brown in butter and cracker-crumbs, even he appreciates the fact that this fish is to be desired more than any other.

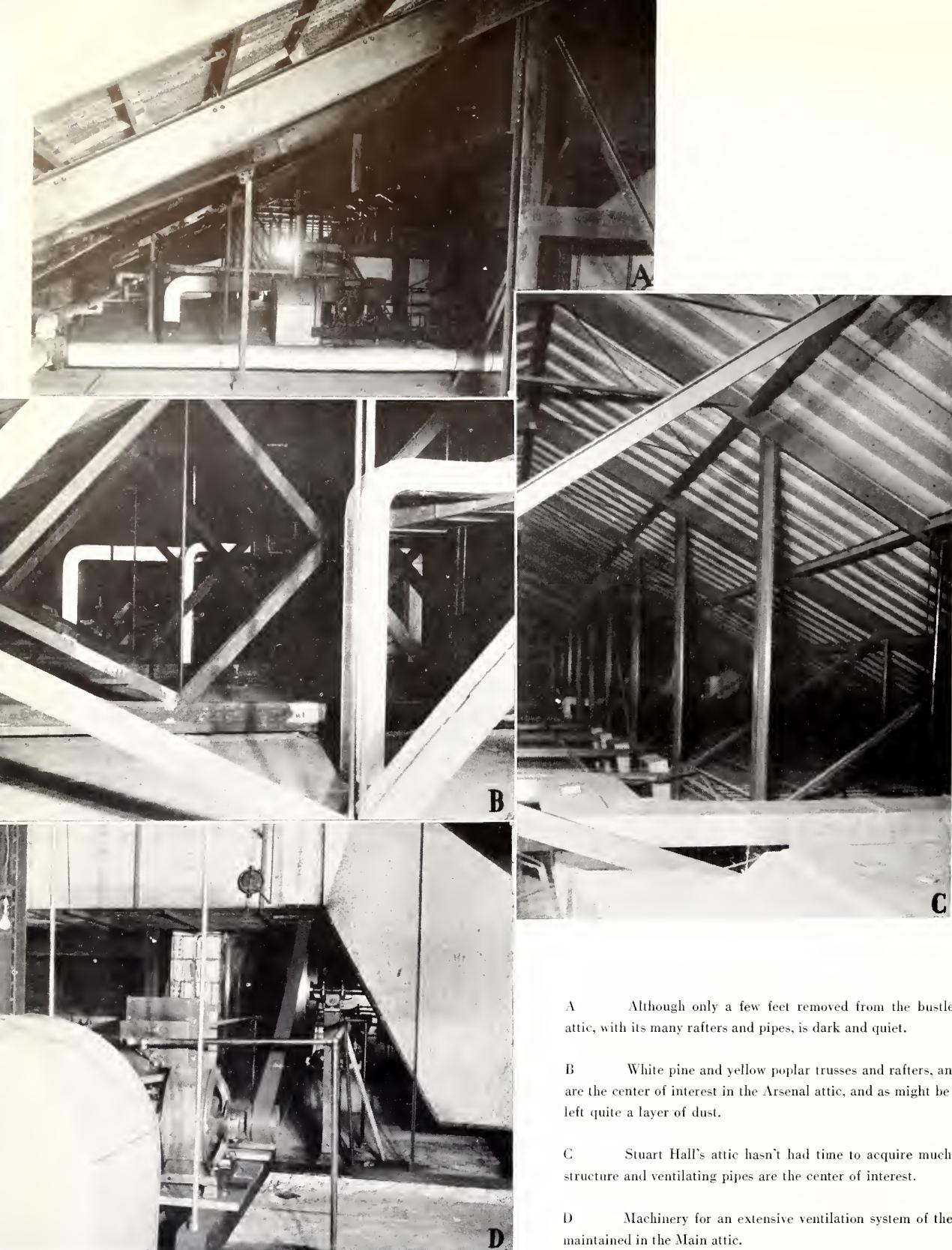
Angling for the bronzeback is a zestful adventure. You drift into a cove overhung by green branches that seem to give the whole place a feeling of cool peacefulness; then, over to the right you see a small ripple which gives the warning that some hungry prowler of the deep is getting his dinner. You cast a plug over the ripple. Nothing happens. You start to retrieve the bait when *zowie*—something snaps you out of the daze in which you are. Your rod and reel

almost leap out of your hands, but somehow you manage to hold on and set the hook. The battle is on.

Your reel screeches as the line flies out, but you soon put a stop to that. Your opponent tries something new. He turns and comes rushing straight back at your boat. You begin winding up that slack line which is still out in the water: he slows up a little, and at last you have reeled in all the line except that which the bass has decided to keep. By this time you are getting tired of this dawdling, and you begin to drag him in.

All goes well for two revolutions of the reel-handle. Out comes the bronzeback, looks straight at you, and shakes his head amidst the foamy spray. Then down he goes—straight to the bottom—and there he stays. You pull and pull. You feel the line begin to stretch. He's off again, zigzagging this way and that. The line goes limp, your heart is in your mouth, you think he is gone, you begin to take in the line. There is a faint tug at the end of the line. What a glorious feeling! He is your fish!

Now all this may sound easy, but try it. You walk a mile or so, not to mention the seventy-five or one hundred miles you have had to drive to reach your stream; you sit for hours in a boat or walk around in the mud; you get sunshine in plentiful doses before you find your cool cove and its bass; you are nearly eaten up by mosquitoes; and, too often, you never have a nibble. Is it worth it? Yes! There are millions of us fishermen who, like you, will risk sunburn, pneumonia, malaria from gnat-infested swamps, weariness, and disappointment every time an invitation comes to go fishing. For there is always a hope that we will reel in a bronzeback.



A Although only a few feet removed from the bustle of the Main, the attic, with its many rafters and pipes, is dark and quiet.

B White pine and yellow poplar trusses and rafters, and ventilating pipes are the center of interest in the Arsenal attic, and as might be expected, time has left quite a layer of dust.

C Stuart Hall's attic hasn't had time to acquire much dust. Again steel structure and ventilating pipes are the center of interest.

D Machinery for an extensive ventilation system of the entire building is maintained in the Main attic.

UP IN THE *Attic*

DOWN IN THE *Powerhouse*

A Long, dark—and hot—are the underground tunnels carrying heat pipes and electrical connections from building to building.

B Mr. E. A. Tobey, chief engineer, is "shot" as he takes a gauge reading on the Cochran metering heater, apparatus for reheating the hot water to steam after coming back from the radiators.

C Giant chain-grate stokers such as this one pictured heat boilers for use in Tech's steam heating system.

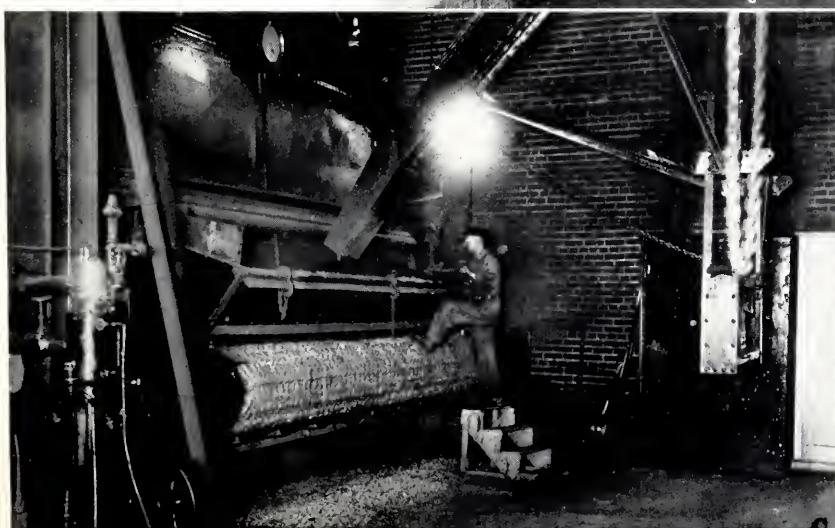
D Current for electrical needs is produced in generators, driven also by this steam. Three such generators are in use and a fourth is being installed for the Stuart Hall load.



A



D



C

AUNTIE AND THE

Love LETTER

by HELEN McFARLAND
English VIIIc

IT'S funny the way small things can annoy you. Really trifling things, I mean, like your father's reading the paper aloud or your brother's singing "Oh, Johnny" at the top of his voice, or the tea kettle's getting noisy, or someone's rattling paper when you want to hear what is number one on the "Hit Parade."

Silly things like that were annoying me unreasonably when Aunt Nancy came. Aunt Nancy is that one-in-every-family kind of a person who informs us by a wire on Thursday that she will arrive on Friday for a week-end visit and then stays on for a month. She came out to our house in a cab, as she always does, and said, "Why on earth didn't you tell me that Charles was at the station?" (Charles is my father, and he always makes the futile trip to the station to meet Aunt Nancy, although he knows if he misses seeing her, she'll hail the first cab she sees.)

She came in and kissed us all and shrieked at her reflection in the mirror, "Good heavens, my underskirt shows!" (Aunt Nancy belongs to that old-fashioned school of women who call their slips by that antique name of underskirt.) She commanded my brother Bill to carry her things up to her room (she *calls* it her room and it really is, for about two months out of every year, but among ourselves we usually call it the guest room); she ordered me, "Stand off a bit, Sue, and see if my underskirt shows when I pull up my strap."

Mother was quite calmly sweeping the living room because she is used to Aunt Nancy's whirlwind personality and can usually proceed naturally even under the most violent demonstrations of Aunt Nancy's vitality.

That afternoon I was sitting at my desk in the dining room trying to get a few of my lessons when Aunt Nancy came downstairs. She dashed so hurriedly through the living room that she fell over Father's pet hassock and landed not two feet away from Mother's onrushing vacuum cleaner. However, she picked herself up quite nonchalantly and made a more-or-less beeline toward the dining room. When she saw me she said, "Oh, you're here, Sue!"

I didn't look up. I only smiled wanly the way I always do at those unnecessary words, and pretty soon I realized that my vivacious Aunt Nancy hadn't left the room, but was pacing round and round the dining table. I looked up and said, "Is anything the matter, Aunt Nancy?"

And she said, "Oh, no! I'm just exercising!"

That's what I mean when I say that small things annoy me. Aunt Nancy had a perfect right to exercise anywhere she pleased, but just because she paced round the dining table, I lost my ordinarily even disposition and fumed.

When I say I fumed I mean that my face was very red from not saying what I thought, in an attempt to be polite. Aunt Nancy noticed it. She came over to me and putting her hands on my shoulders said, "Sue, what on earth are you blushing for?"

I got a shade angrier and a shade quieter and a shade

redder, and Aunt Nancy thought she was embarrassing me, I guess, and she delights in *that*, so she said, smiling slyly, "Why, I do believe you're in love, Sue."

I sputtered at that because I had just had a misunderstanding with Jerry, who used to be my love, and I was momentarily a woman without a man; and more than that, my manners were fast dissolving into temperament, so I used my sputters as an excuse and ran upstairs, mumbling something about my throat being sensitive.

I locked the door to my room and stuffed paper in the keyhole and put a pillow over my face and screamed. After the scream I felt so much better that I sat down before my mirror and practiced horrible faces to make at Aunt Nancy's back. I was experimenting with crossing my eyes and tearing my hair when the paper stuffing fell out of the keyhole, and I heard Aunt Nancy's breathless voice whispering, "Let me in, Sue. I want to talk to you." She sounded so excited that I unlocked the door and let her in.

When she saw the pillow on the floor and looked at my disheveled hair, a strange expression of sympathy and understanding passed over her face, so that I wondered what on earth she was thinking.

Well, I found out. Aunt Nancy was waving a piece of my theme paper and making clucking noises as she looked first at it, then at me. In that moment I experienced all the horrible sensations that can come with a great shock. The paper was my French translation—but how could I explain *that* to my romantic Aunt Nancy? We had been reading the love letters of a famous Frenchman and I had translated as far as the salutation—"My dearest one!"—and the first sentence—"How endless the hours have seemed since our parting!"

Aunt Nancy peered at me with a look of sympathy that filled my soul with despair. She was going to aid and abet me in what she (sentimental soul!) thought was my first love affair.

I tried to head her off—I looked her straight in the eyes and said, slowly and distinctly, "Aunt Nancy, you have

ALONE AT SUPPER TIME

by JOAN IRENE ROSE
English Ia

I looked in the kettle, the kettle was dry,
I looked in the bread box—found only a fly,
I turned on the light, and I looked all around,
But nothing to eat in the kitchen was found.
I heard funny noises all over the house,
I even was sure that I heard a real mouse,
The water was dripping, plink plink, in the sink,
Although I was hungry, I just took a drink.
With nothing to do and with nothing to eat,
I sat in a chair with the dog at my feet.
I looked at the clock, and I gave a big groan.
Oh why, and oh why, don't my folks hurry home?

made a terrible mistake. That is not a love letter. It is my French translation."

But Aunt Nancy had her romantic instincts aroused, and no power on earth could stop her.

She went about the house singing, "Love is just a game that two are playing; love is just a silly game of chance." She played "Sweethearts" on the piano until I almost lost my mind; she made tarts for dinner and recited the nursery rhyme about the queen of hearts who made some tarts until I felt like throwing my tart in her face.

She smiled slyly at me and squeezed my hand understandingly; she sang "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" at all hours of the day and night.

The family, being hardened to Aunt Nancy's antics, took no more than a casual interest in the proceedings until the night that she went to the phone in the hall and called Jerry's number. (Jerry, you remember, used to be my best beau before we had our misunderstanding.) She asked for Jerry and pitched her voice very low so that it sounded a lot

like mine, which is a deep contralto. She said, "Jerry, this is Sue. I want to tell you that I'm sorry. I want to apologize. Will you forgive me?" She hung up right away and walked to the living room door and smiled at us in that bland way of hers.

I was furious. I could tell *that* because my heart was pounding so fast—my breath was coming so swiftly. I walked over to Aunt Nancy and opened my mouth. I must have been very angry, because words wouldn't come at first. When they did come, they were heavy with feeling and my voice shook as I spoke. "Aunt Nancy, you're a peach!" I put my arms around her and hugged her as hard as I could. She smiled at me in that sympathetic way which had annoyed me all week, and for the first time I saw the mischief in her eyes.

From the living room window my brother Bill shouted, "He's coming up the walk!" and Father said, "Now at last there will be peace." Mother crinkled her eyes at me above her paper, and Aunt Nancy said, "For heaven's sake, Sue, go answer the door!" and so I did.

THE BALANCE *Room* AT TECH

by DONALD PITTS
English VIIc

ONE of the smallest, most expensively equipped rooms in the school is the balance room. Probably there is no other classroom that has two thousand dollars' worth of equipment accessible to the student. This room is only a hole in the wall about ten by twenty-five feet. It has one window at the far end whose blind is usually kept low. Lining the side walls are narrow tables on which are glass-encased balances. In the center of the room is a wider table with balances on each side of it. The instructor's desk is under the window at the far end.

Scattered about the room are a handful of students,

each seated squarely in front of his balance. Each face is frozen, as the young chemist ever so carefully manipulates his delicate piece of machinery. He knows his balance as well as he knows himself. Once in a while some one will give a sigh of relief; you know he is satisfied with his result. Sometimes there comes a discouraged look, then a more determined expression than ever.

Sitting at the instructor's desk is a gray-haired man poring over the paper which he has in front of him. There are very few questions asked; very few instructions given; each has a job to do and he does it. No hurry; hair-line precision work is the only essential factor. In this little room is the very heart of every advanced chemistry student.

I WILL LEAVE *You* IN THE SPRING

by HELEN McFARLAND
English VIIc

I WILL leave you in the spring, Tech; I will leave you, walking swiftly and without tears. I will not be sentimental, Tech; the world has no place for sentimentalists; but I cannot go without saying goodbye.

I will remember you as you are now, Tech, big and beautiful and growing. I will remember your outlines against the sky; your towers, so proud and brave above the buildings. I will remember the sound of you, Tech, loud and gay and young; the sight of you—your tall trees, your green grass, your flowers growing.

I will remember you as you are in October, bright in the autumn sun; as you are in December, white in the falling snow; and as you are in April, misty with rain and lilac blooms. I will remember your green-bordered paths, Tech, the sun on them, the people on them. I will remember your great days—Supreme Day and Honor Day and Commencement; and the hushed reverence of your assemblies.

I will leave you in the spring, Tech. I will go away, not with tears, but walking slowly, memorizing the silhouettes of your trees, of your buildings; remembering you because I love you, because I will always love you. I will leave you in the spring, but I cannot go entirely away. I will leave a part of me here with you—a part of my youth and my heart.

AN *Evening* OF HORROR

by MARY E. THOMASON
English IVa

THE SUN was sinking in the west, and the birds were singing their evening song, as I entered the darkened woods on my way home. The wind was howling and rustling the leaves in a ghostly manner. All about me was the silence which prevails before a strange happening. With each step I took, I seemed to become more bewildered. The same old trees, leaves, and animals took forms of elves and dwarfs, beaming with mischief. The trees rocking back and forth seemed to say, "Ho, ho, little one, you're lost! Beware! Beware!" Then I knew that somehow, some way, I had entered the woods which were inhabited by strange and weird

creatures, who groaned and moaned through the night, like a thousand monsters.

Slowly and softly behind me, I heard the slow steps of something approaching me. I began running for dear life. I thought of the nice quiet of home with the open fire and the gaiety of the music and chatter with aching heart. Two bright red eyes of Satan himself appeared in the top of a tree glaring at me.

Then I felt the hot breath of a flying monster sweeping past my head. My only thought was to run, which I did, until in the distance I saw the lights of home and heard old Rover barking a greeting. Then I knew why many people had said to me, "When a person is in a dark woods by himself, he is often taken away by imagination into a complete and different world of horror."

SKY PAINTER

by MARJORIE J. AMON
English Va

Pick up thy brush, oh painter, and paint the
Lovely sky,
The sun is setting in the West and evening
Time is nigh.
I am the guide, you are the painter, pick up
Thy brush, I say.
Paint little stars and lady moon; then paint
The milky way.

MY FIRST TOOTH

by CLARA EDITH SMITH
English Ia

As I remember it, I had my first tooth when I was six months old.
Aunt Mary said, "Isn't it sweet?"
Mother said, "Isn't it remarkable!"
But Daddy said, "That's nice! Now maybe we can get some sleep
nights."
I said, "Glob," and smiled.

ALL THE THINGS I LOVE

by HELEN McFARLAND
English VIIc

All the things I love are slow—
Slow as a tall candle burning,
Slow as a longed-for smile.

I love snow that falls easily, quietly;
Rain that takes slow steps across my face.
I love slow fires burning with curls of blue flame
leaping above red embers.
I love music played softly, slowly as a violin
behind palms.
I love chimes that ring clearly, breaking their
beautiful echoes upon my heart.
I love leaves that fall reluctantly to the earth;
The slow, separate ticks of a clock in a quiet room.

All the things I love are slow—
Slow as a tall candle burning.
Slow as a summer rain.

VACATION

by GERARD B. BLUE
English VI

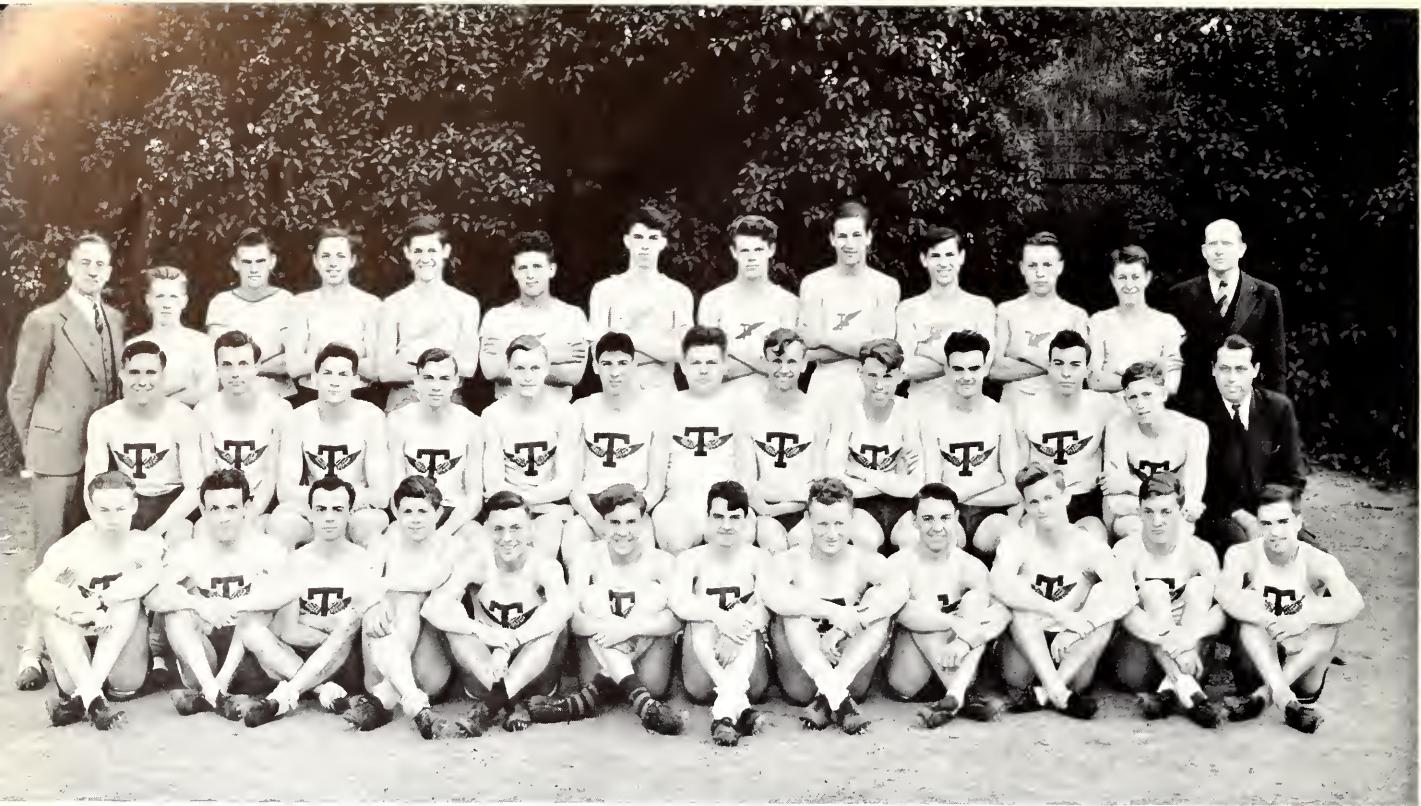
'Twas only yesterday we spent
The last long hour at school;
Tonight we're camping in a tent
On pine boughs sweet and cool.
How far away the city seems!
How still its noises are!
How near through our tent-curtain gleams
A white and friendly star!
Its light is answered by a glow
Of embers on the shore,
Whose warm red blaze an hour ago
We sang and talked before.
Close by, our brook, that runs along
And tumbles in the lake,
Is crooning such a dreamy song,
It's hard to keep awake;
And overhead a passing breeze
Through branches dark and deep
Is making music in the trees
To lull us soon to sleep.



The

ACTIVITIES





Bottom row (left to right) : John Bolt, William Vickrey, James Adams, Rex Jones, Lloyd Myers, Paul Johnson, Edward Williams, Wallace Potter, Joe Crawford, Alva Keith, Clyde McCormack, and Robert Romeiser.

Second row (left to right) : Dale Burries, Richard Barnhart, Neal Benson, Richard Lowish, Robert Knowles, Robert Avery, Richard Eberly, George Trittipo, James O'Mara, Fred Mitchell, Charles Fisher, Lloyd Hurley, and Coach Paul Myers.

Top row (left to right) : Athletic Director R. V. Copple, Kenneth Bush, Donald Sellmer, Eddie Schilling, William Kennedy, Robert Hennigar, Paul Logan, Jack Hanna, Clyde Ennis, Gerald Burrows, Eddie Moyer, Ralph Boyer, and Field Coach Reuben Behlmer.

Track

The record compiled by Coach Paul Myers' Green and White thinyclads up to the time the CANNON went to press again proves that the cinder sport is one in which Tech holds sway over all the local schools and quite a few others, too.

Opening the dual meet competition for the season, the Techmen journeyed to Bloomington April 5 for the season lid-lifter, and brought back a decisive 76-to-33 victory over the downstaters.

Kokomo's Wildcats were the next to fall before the Big Green, invading the Tech oval April 12 and being repulsed by a 70½-to-46½ count.

Wiley of Terre Haute was the last dual meet opponent to face Coach Myers' team, and the Red Streaks were defeated, 66 to 52.

The Greenclads entered the annual city meet as odds-on favorites to win, and did win with 79½ points, taking their seventh consecutive city title. In this meet two new records were made, both by Techmen: one a new pole vault mark of 11 feet 7¼ inches by Wallace Potter; the other, a new mile standard of 4:37.1 established by William Vickrey.

Competing in the annual Southport Relays for the first time May 1, the Tech thinclads walked off with the meet, winning with 53½ points. Wallace Potter set a new record for the vault of 11 feet 3 inches, and another Tech-broken mark was the low hurdle shuttle relay, lowered from 55.5 to 49.5 by Richard Barnhart, Alva Keith, George Trittipo, and James O'Mara.

The cinderlemen traveled to Marion for the Conference meet May 3. There, under inclement weather conditions, they suffered their first defeat of the season when Anderson ousted them from the N.C.C. throne, topping the Techmen by 8 points with a 62½-point total. This marked the first time that either Tech or Kokomo did not win the loop crown.

Qualifying 14 men and a mile relay team for the state meet, the Greenclads rolled up 66 points to run away with the sectional meet on the home track, May 10, for the seventh straight time. As the CANNON went to press, Coach Myers was drilling his strong state meet squad in preparation with the I.H.S.A.A. carnival on the Tech cinders May 18.

The Greenclads received a jolt to their state title hopes when a spike wound that Bob Knowles suffered in the Conference meet at Marion re-opened when Bob was taking the lead for Tech, running lead-off on the half-mile relay team in the sectional, and the quartet failed to place. The half-mile combination had turned in some good times and had been expected to place in the state meet.

The Green and White performers who qualified for the state meet were Bob Knowles, 100-yard dash; William Vickrey and Lloyd Myers, mile; George Trittipo, high hurdles; Alva Keith and James O'Mara, low hurdles; Robert Avery and Rex Jones, half-mile; Charles Fisher, high jump; Wallace Potter and Dale Burries, pole vault; Richard Eberly, shot put; Roy Hurley, broad jump; and the winning mile relay team of Neal Benson, Richard Barnhart, James Adams, and Richard Lowish; and Richard Lowish in the quarter mile.

RESERVES

Tech's reserve track team engaged in one meet this season, defeating Kokomo's reserve squad in a meet on the Tech track, 61 to 40, April 12.

FRESHMEN

Tech's freshman track team, under the guidance of Coach Dale Sare, enjoyed its usual successful season, winning meets with Howe, Manual, and Shortridge.

Following their first three triumphs, the rhinies successfully defended the city championship held by Tech teams for several years, staging a runaway in the event, held at Shortridge.

In their last meet of the season Coach Sare's first-year men successfully wound up their season campaign by taking the measure of Washington's Rhinies, 68 to 49.

Baseball

Coach Charles Dagwell had his Green and White baseball team back on the victory trail and under full steam as the CANNON went to press.

The Techmen had racked up six straight victories, facing some tough opposition, and appeared to be on the road to another long string of wins to match the record of the last two seasons, that saw the Green take a beating only at the hands of the strong Richmond squad after piling up a record of 26 straight triumphs.

The Greenclads scored the sweetest victory of the season, when Richmond, the team that ended Tech's two-year undefeated record, was beaten, 5 to 4, before an enthusiastic Tech crowd, April 9. Fred Kafader pitched for Tech and turned in a neat two-hit performance on the Red Devils.

In the opening game of the season, April 15, the Techmen walloped Southport, 13 to 1, with Kafader on the hill, and the next day Jack Bradford set down the Silent Hoosiers with one run while Tech tallied 18.

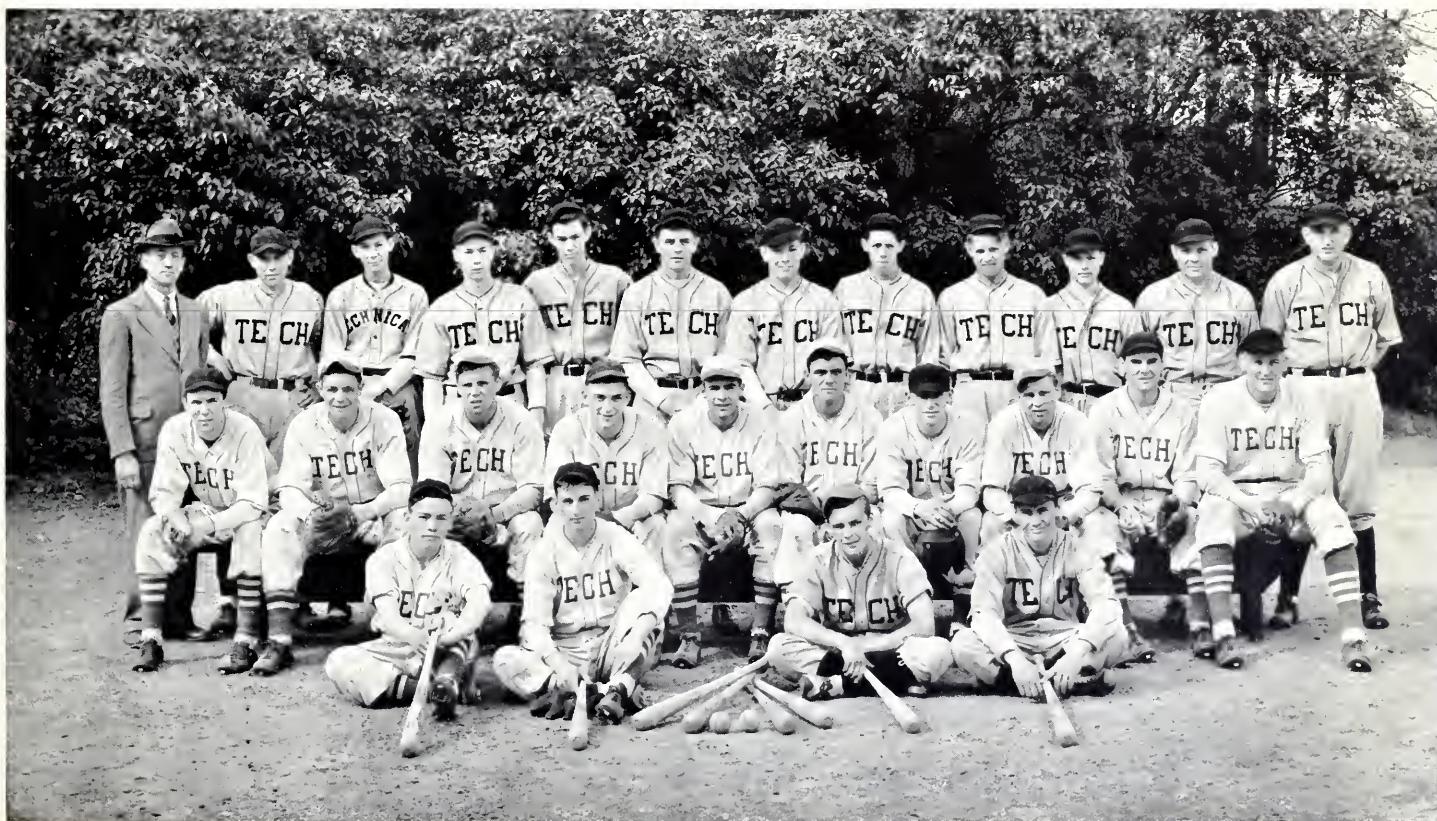
Plainfield was the next victim. Kafader went to the mound and hurled a one-hit shutout as Tech won, 5 to 0, April 25. Jack Bradford pitched the Greenclads to victory in a wild and woolly slugfest, April 29, which Tech won from Knightstown, 16 to 6, and relieved Sylvester Lux, May 7, as Tech beat Plainfield, 5 to 4, in 11 innings.

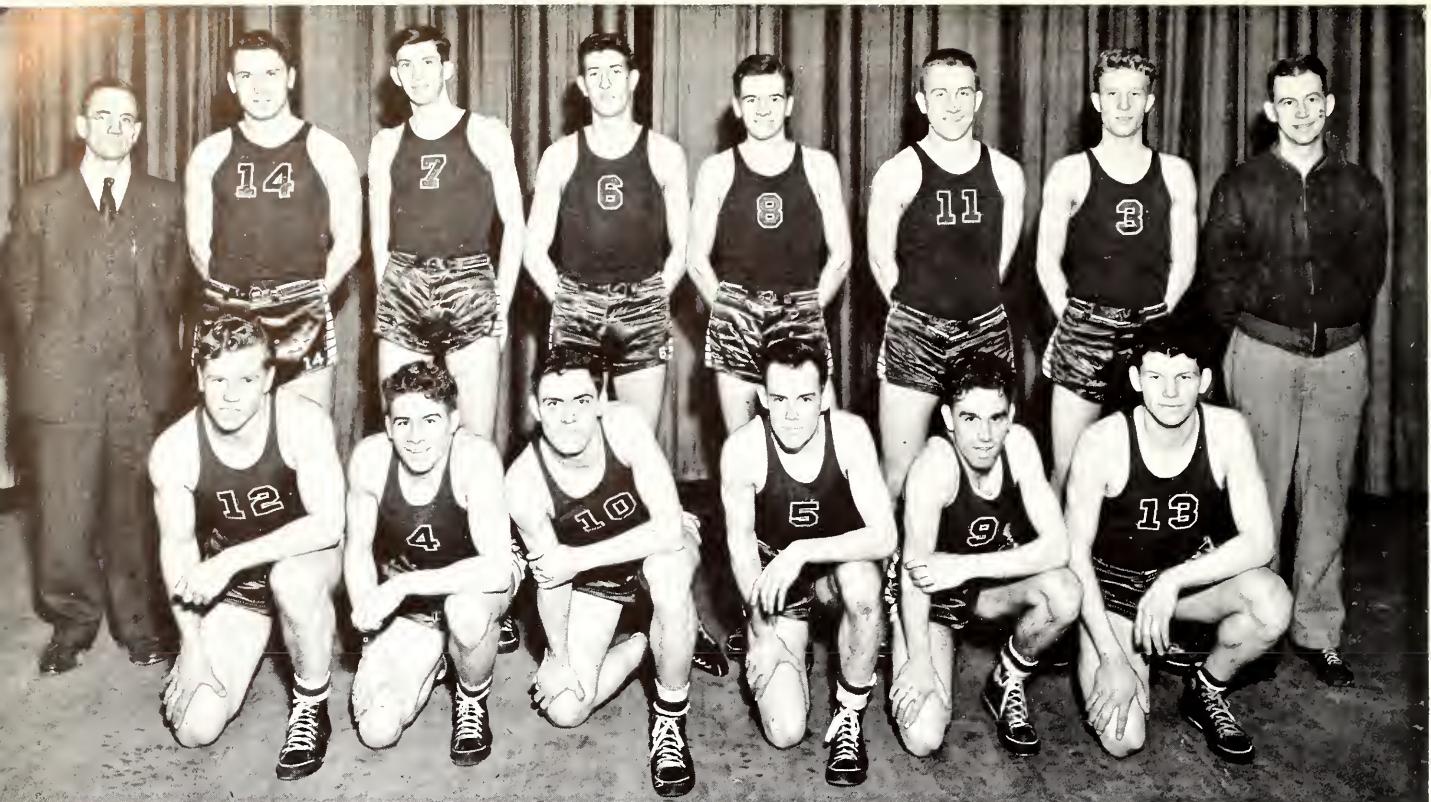
19

Bottom row (left to right) : Willard Litz, Thomas Berry, Floyd Scudder, and Manson Ballard.

Second row (left to right) : Sylvester Lux, Willard Reed, Charles Berling, Jack Demlow, Houston Meyer, Jack Bradford, Fred Kafader, John Olson, Robert Smolka, and Knute Dobkins.

Top row (left to right) : Athletic Director R. V. Copple, Eugene Newlund, James Baumgartner, Lawrence Ring, William Stuteville, Harry Bryan, Raymond Means, James Kafader, William Watson, Jack Arbuckle, Assistant Coach W. E. Rhodes, Coach C. P. Dagwell.





Front row (left to right) : Charles Berling, Houston Meyer, Jack Bradford, Dudley Cole, Robert Jordan, and Frank Walker.

Back row (left to right) : Athletic Director R. V. Copple, Jack Stoelting, Harry Hagans, Robert Gray, Lowell Boggy, Frank Buddenbaum, Richard Evans, and Coach Bayne Freeman.

Basketball

During the 1939-40 season, the Tech basketball team compiled a record of seven victories and thirteen defeats.

The peak performance of the Green and White team came when the Techmen beat Logansport and Rushville on successive nights, going two overtime periods with Logansport. After beating those two highly regarded teams, the Techmen whipped Broad Ripple and Shortridge to advance to the finals of the city tournament. But for the second straight year they were upset in the finals by Manual, this time in an overtime thriller.

The highlight of the latter part of the season saw Tech whipping Southport and the strong Shelbyville aggregation on successive nights.

Record for the season was as follows: November 29—Tech 37, Cathedral 15; December 1—Tech 21, Kokomo 29; December 3—Tech 16, New Castle 39; December 16—Tech 30, Frankfort 36; December 22—Tech 21, Franklin 29; December 27—Tech 26, Shortridge 28; December 30—Tech 26, Richmond 30; January 5—Tech 32, Logansport 30 (double overtime); January 6—Tech 28, Rushville 24.

January 11, 12, 13—City Tourney—Tech 29, Broad Ripple 22; Tech 30, Shortridge 26; finals, Tech 31, Manual 33 (overtime).

January 19—Tech 30, Jefferson 38; January 26—Tech 21, Muncie 22; February 3—Tech 23, Marion 29; February 9—Tech 27, Southport 16; February 10—Tech 23, Shelbyville 22; February 17—Tech 35, Anderson 42; February 24—Tech 21, Washington 31; Sectional Tourney—Tech 22, Decatur Central 24.

RESERVES

Tech's reserve basketball team, under the direction of Coach Orlo Miller, completed a sixteen-game schedule with three victories against thirteen defeats.

Scores for the season were as follows: November 29—Tech 11, Cathedral 10; December 1—Tech 4, Kokomo 31; December 8—Tech 18, New Castle 14; December 16—Tech 18, Frankfort 24; December 22—Tech 19, Franklin 21; December 27—Tech 12, Shortridge 24; December 30—Tech 13, Richmond 19; January 6—Tech 17, Rushville 9.

City Tourney—January 11, 12, 13—Tech 5, Broad Ripple 15; January 19—Tech 18, Jefferson 23; January 26—Tech 16, Muncie 24; February 3—Tech 11, Marion 14; February 9—Tech 16, Southport 18; February 10—Tech 18, Shelbyville 27; February 17—Tech 12, Anderson 23; February 24—Tech 30, Washington 24.

Boys on the squad were Barclay Johnson, William Pease, Richard Plummer, Robert Wilson, Dale Burries, Charles Fisher, Fred Henke, Roy Hurley, James Kafader, James O'Mara, Raymond Means, and Don Rademacher.

SOPHOMORES

Tech's sophomore basketball squad, coached by Paul Wetzel, completed a five-game card with one in the win column and four in the deficit. Scores for the season were as follows: December 21—Tech 13, Speedway 7; January 17—Tech 9, Warren Central 22; January 25—Tech 8, Washington 15; January 30—Tech 13, Southport 36; and February 5—Tech 13, Speedway 17.

Members of the team were Marvin Arnold, John Allen, Howard Beeson, William Childers, Adelbert Evans, John Graham, Robert Henniger, Kenneth Krieger, Paul Logan, Robert Minatel, Robert Pritchard, and James Smith.

FRESHMEN

Freshman Coach Paul Myers guided his basketball team through the most successful season enjoyed by a Green and White rhinie aggregation in several years, bringing his team through a 15-game schedule undefeated.

The record for the season follows: November 30—Tech 14, Southport 11; December 8—Tech 25, Ben Davis 16; December 15—Tech 30, Warren Central 19; January 11—Tech 29, Broad Ripple 12; January 16—Tech 22, Shortridge 20; January 18—Tech 29, Manual 21; January 23—Tech 22, Cathedral 15; January 25—Tech 15, Washington 12; January 30—Tech 25, Southport 13; February 1—Tech 34, Howe 22; February 6—Tech 30, Broad Ripple 21; February 8—Tech 19, Shortridge 18; February 13—Tech 27, Manual 16; February 15—Tech 32, Cathedral 4; February 20—Tech 22, Washington 15; February 22—Tech 28, Howe 10.

Members of the squad were John Anderson, Edward Cass, Robert Evans, Roland Galyean, William Hitzeman, Robert Held, Robert Jaegers, Jack Larson, Charles Mass, Floyd McCurdy, Robert Mehl, Eugene Miller, Donald Pedlow, John Ricker, Richard Robbins, Joel Sharp, Frank Stafford, Paul Wilson, and Jack Payne.

Tennis

The Tech tennis team was under the guidance of a new coach this season, and as the CANNON went to press had split the opening two matches of the season.

Five veterans reported to Coach Orlo Miller, who had taken over the duties handled successfully for the last two seasons by Valentine Williams; and before making a general call, he named Tom Messerlic, Wooden Wieland, Joe Ketterly, Garo Antreasian, and Ray Goodman as the team for the opening matches.

May 8 the Tech team defeated Jefferson of Lafayette, 7 to 0, and the following day was nosed out by Shortridge, 4 to 3.

May 18 the Tech racket-swingers played host to Wiley of Terre Haute's courtmen, and lost the team match by a score of 4 to 2. Washington was the next opponent of the Green, on Supreme Day, and on May 24 the Techmen met Shortridge again. The season ended May 31 with another match against Washington.

Golf

When the CANNON went to press, the Tech linksmen, under the leadership of Coach Bayne Freeman, had completed six matches out of a nine-meet schedule with four victories against two setbacks.

In the first try of the season, Tech lost to Shortridge's veteran crew, 12½ to 5½, April 22, on the Speedway Course.

April 27, in a North Central Conference foursome match at Kokomo, the Green golfers placed third; Kokomo won with a score of 345; Richmond was second with 350; Tech third, with 354; Marion fourth, with 370.

Recovering from their early defeats, the Techmen won in their four-way tilt from Washington, Martinsville, and Southport with a 327 count, April 29, at Speedway Course.

Tech scored its second triumph over the same N.C.C. trio—Marion, Kokomo, and Richmond—in 341 strokes, May 4. Kokomo, Richmond, and Marion finished in order.

In the second Shortridge match, May 6, Tech's men defeated Shortridge, 8 to 4, in a match at the Speedway. At the Marion invitational meet, May 11, Tech defended the Conference championship by shooting a team score of 335 strokes. Richmond was second with 337; and Kokomo, third, with 338.

Boys making up the squad at press-time were William Binder, Robert Armstrong, John Hunter, and Robert Davidson.

May 15 the Green and White club-wielders repeated their Conference tournament victory over the Anderson team, whipping them, 11 to 1, at Anderson.

The Techmen had broken last year's winning State tourney score in the second Shortridge match, but fired a 352 to finish far back in the state tournament, played May 18, at the Speedway course.

Girls' Play Day

Girls' Play Day was held, May 20, the activities taking place in the stadium and in the girls' gymnasium.

Included in the numerous sports on the athletic field were relays, soccer-kick, 50-yard dash, basketball throws, baseball, archery, jumping, cage ball, and volley ring. In the girls' gym, ping-pong, shuffleboard, and aerial dart tournaments were held.

Girls from the classes of Miss Mabel McHugh, Miss Hazel Abbott, Miss Helen Borkert, and Miss Helen Caffyn participated.

First place winners received blue ribbons while second and third place winners received red and white ribbons.

Because the dedication of Stuart Hall was held on Supreme Day, the usual Maypole and folk dances on the quadrangle, in celebration of that day, were postponed until next year.



We PRESENT

- A Charles Heathco, who had a print in a Wichita, Kansas, art show.
- B William Buhr, an all-time high-point CANNON salesman.
- C Helen Jones, who received this cup in the city American Legion essay contest.
- D Charles Caron playing "Hamlet" in a Drama Club production.
- E winners in Home Show poster competition.
- F winners in dressmaking contest.
- G students winning awards in candy box design contest.
- H Phyllis Wilcox who reigned as CANNON Queen, with her court.
- I Lillian Lemen, senior, who made Tech's new flag.
- J the Tech finalists in the Indiana University music contest.
- K math contestants starting to Bloomington for the state finals.
- L Girl Scout cookie day poster winners.
- M members of the Radio Club who operate an amateur station.

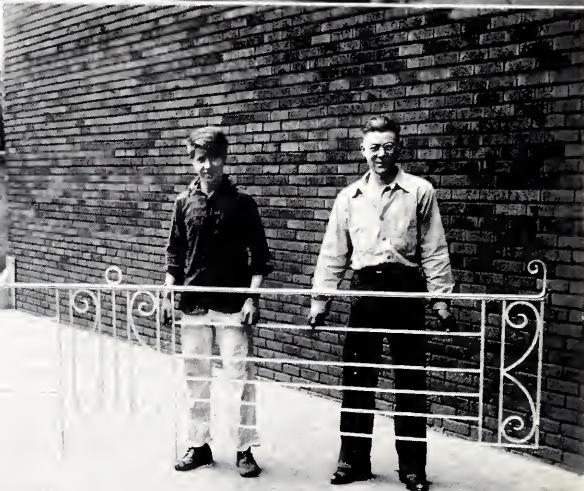




A



B



F

We PICTURE



- A part of Tech's R. O. T. C. unit marching in the Armistice Day parade.
- B the presentation of the new flag from faculty Ex-Service Club.
- C preparations for the Christmas pageant going on backstage.
- D a demonstration of percussion instruments.
- E CANNON cubs who are junior reporters.
- F completed grill work project, made in the Foundry.
- G the cast for a Friday matinee.
- H Frances Price modeling her dress in the senior Style Show.
- I one of the bi-weekly broadcasts, given from the gymnasium stage.
- J committee heads making plans for the R. O. T. C. Father-Son banquet.
- K a student observing a Latin department exhibit in Stuart Hall.
- L students reading pen-friends letters.

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IN APPRECIATION

For their assistance in editing this magazine, the editors wish to thank Mr. Herbert Traub for taking most of the campus pictures, and Mr. Eugene Holland for the pictures used on page 7 and the division page for "Behind the Seenes."

They appreciate the work of Miss Frieda Lillis who supervised the magazine layout, and members of her layout class who made layouts and tracings, and mounted pictures: Marie Juergens, Kenneth Carter, Austin Gilmore, Eugene LeMasters, James Wieks, Lawrence Ring, and Ann Pryor.

They thank Mr. Frederick Polley and his Graphic Arts classes for mounting all senior and staff pictures; and Mr. Charles Glore for supervision of the art work.

To Mr. Floyd Billington, Mr. Elliott French, and the Print Shop students they give credit for printing the covers and for setting up the senior names.

They also thank the judges of the literature contests: the Misses Irene McLean, Helen Thornton, Alice Brown, Gladys Eade, Olive Brown, Margaret Waters, and Clarissa Morrow, Mrs. Ethel McIntosh, and Mr. Dwight C. Park; and the judges of the camera contest: Mrs. Anne Kessel, Mr. John F. Simpson, and Mr. Traub.

Because of the interest that is usually shown in the pictures of individuals appearing in any prominent place in a publication, the editors wish to identify the students appearing on the division pages, although these pictures serve only to introduce the material in the following pages and not to give any particular recognition to the individuals shown. Helen Bartholomew and William Buehanan were photographed backstage for the "Behind the Seenes" division page, Wallace Potter was the pole vaulter on the activities division page, and Joe Mathews and Naney Brewer were photographed for the senior division page.

STAFF EDITORS



BETTY LAMP
Magazine Editor

ALVIN KILLION

March 22, 1922—February 1, 1940

Alvin Killion embodied all the fine characteristics that one admires in a young man. He had a sweet smile which can never be erased from the memories of those who knew him. He was known in the classroom and on the campus for his kindness, his courtesy, and his conscientiousness. His quietness was the reflection of a noble hobby and his life pattern—that of looking for the beautiful things in life.

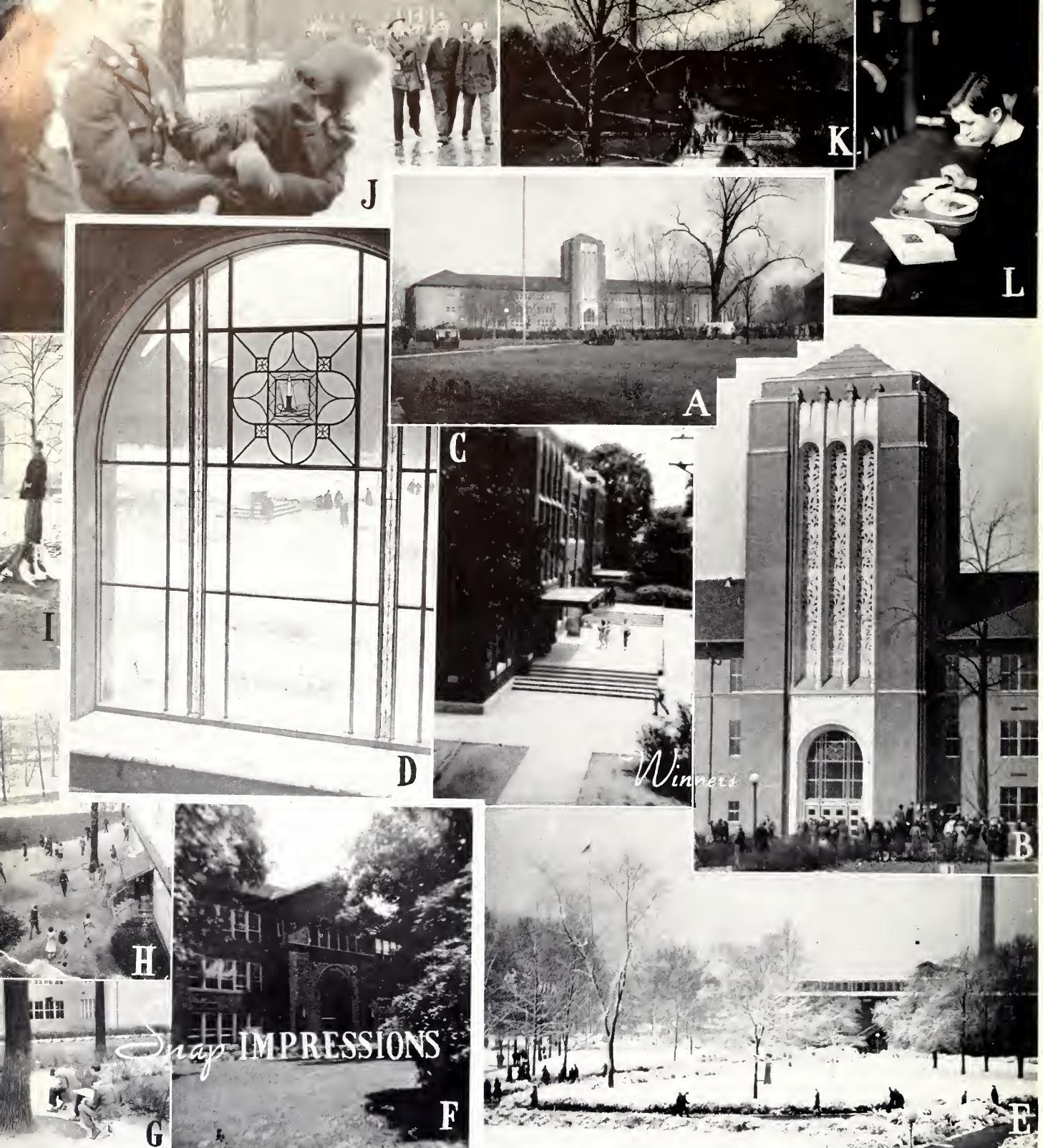
Alvin's outstanding art ability was one of his greatest accomplishments. One of his last pieces of work was the design for the title page of the January magazine of the ARSENAL CANNON.

Alvin was active in all school affairs and was a member of the Tech Legion, the R. O. T. C., and the National Guard.

FACULTY ASSISTANTS



Elliott French, senior names; Miss Frieda Lillis, supervisor of layouts; Floyd Billington, printing of covers; Herbert Traub, photographer.



A	The Quadrangle—Completed.....	Charles Fisher	G	Artists at Work.....	Edger Seitz
B	Gazing Tower-ward.....	William Oates	H	Between Classes	Edger Seitz
C	Sunlight and Shadows.....	Norman Roeser	I	Tree Stump Orator.....	Edger Seitz
D	Through the Tower Window.....	William Oates	J	The Rains Came.....	William Malott
E	Snowbound	William Oates	K	Fifth Hour Lunch.....	Edger Seitz
F	Let Springtime In.....	Norman Roeser	L	We Eat!.....	Edger Seitz



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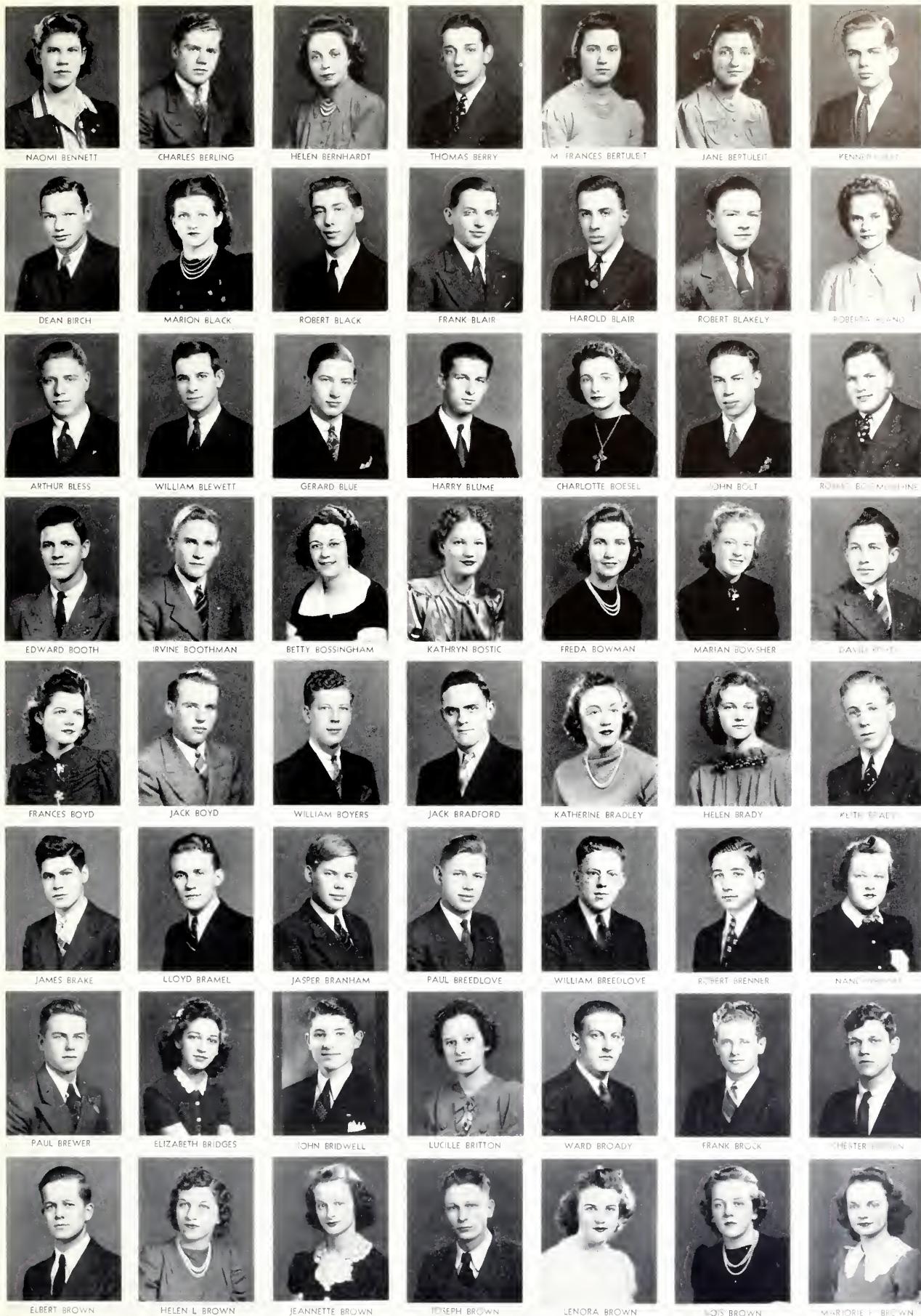


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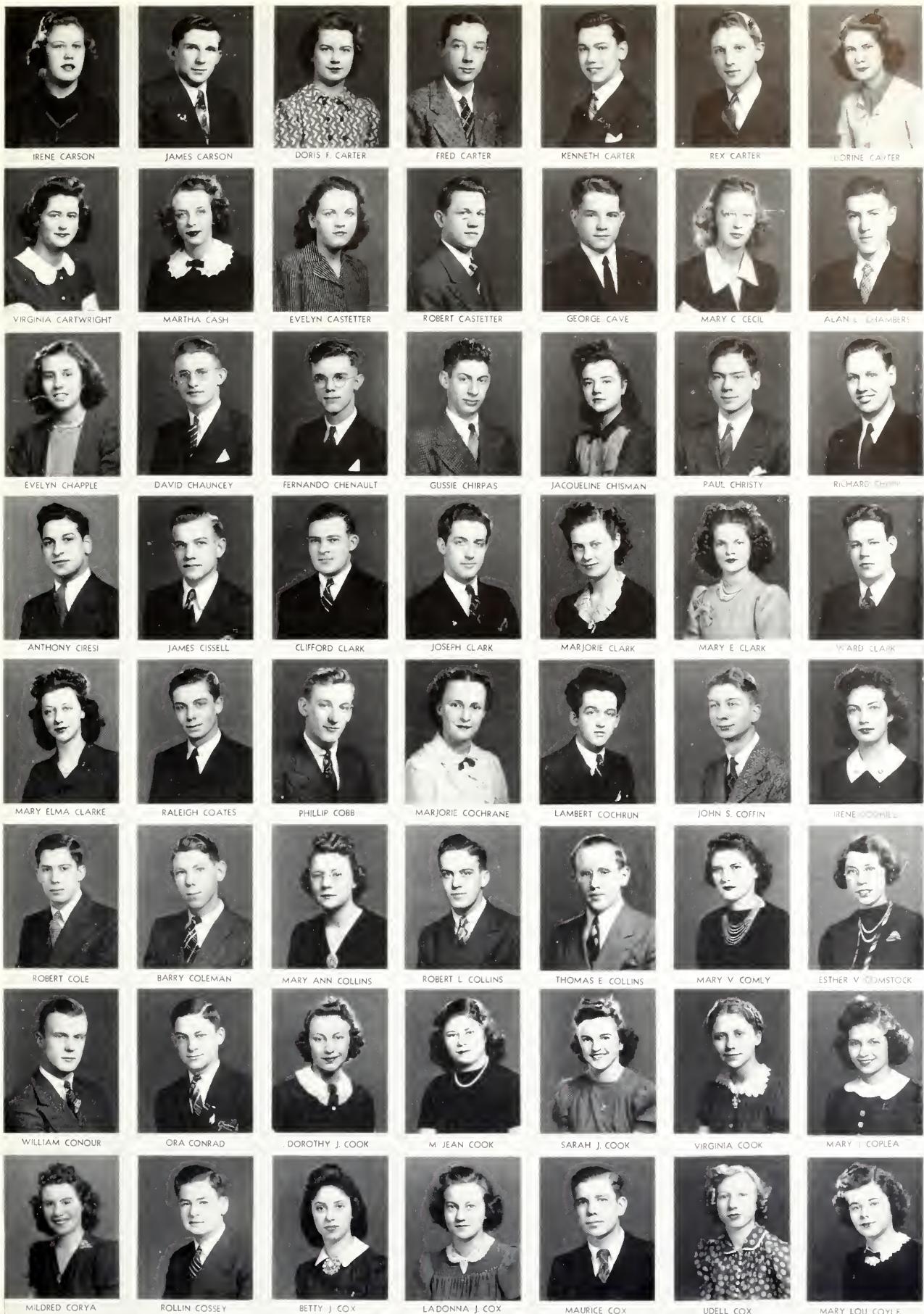
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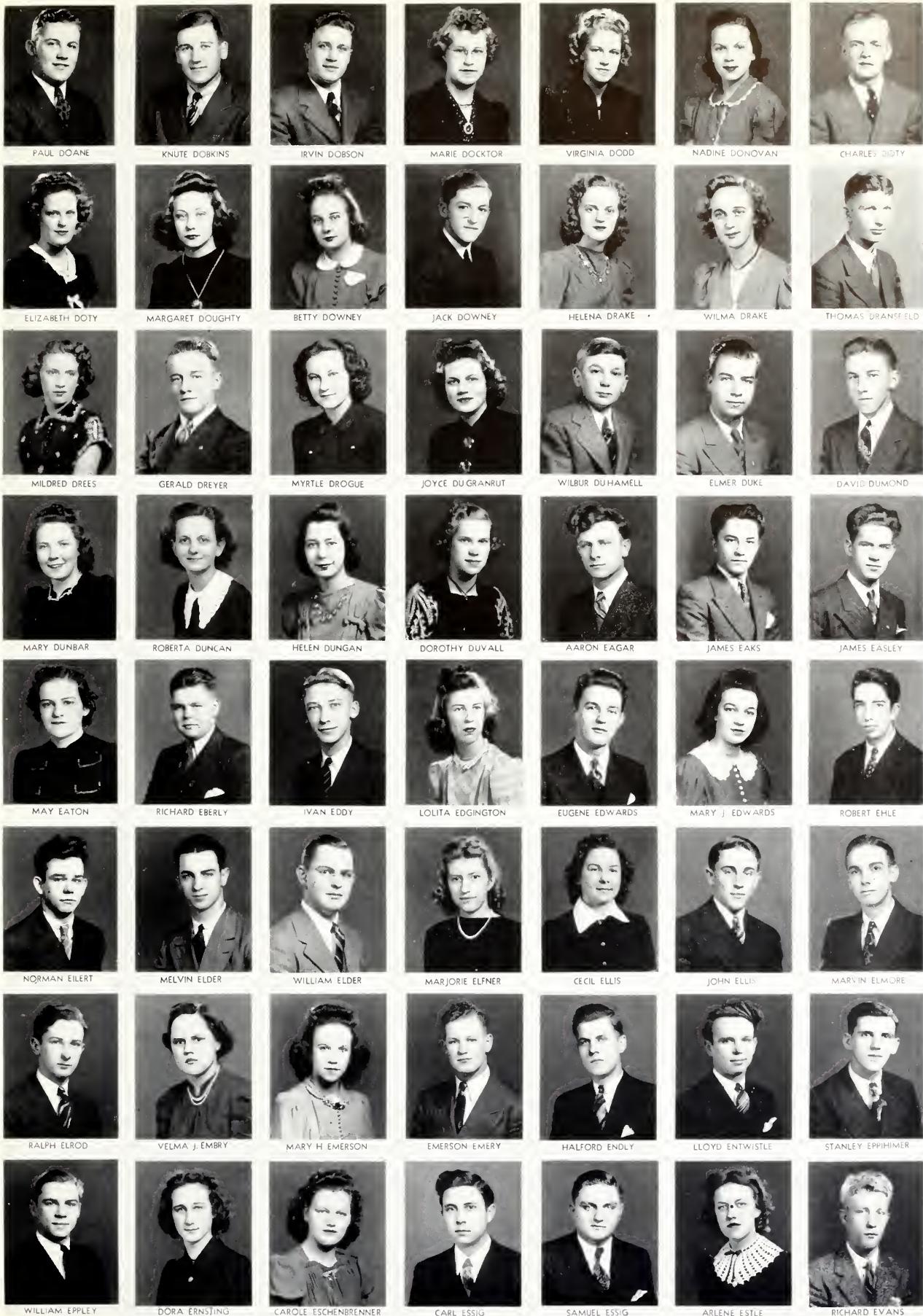
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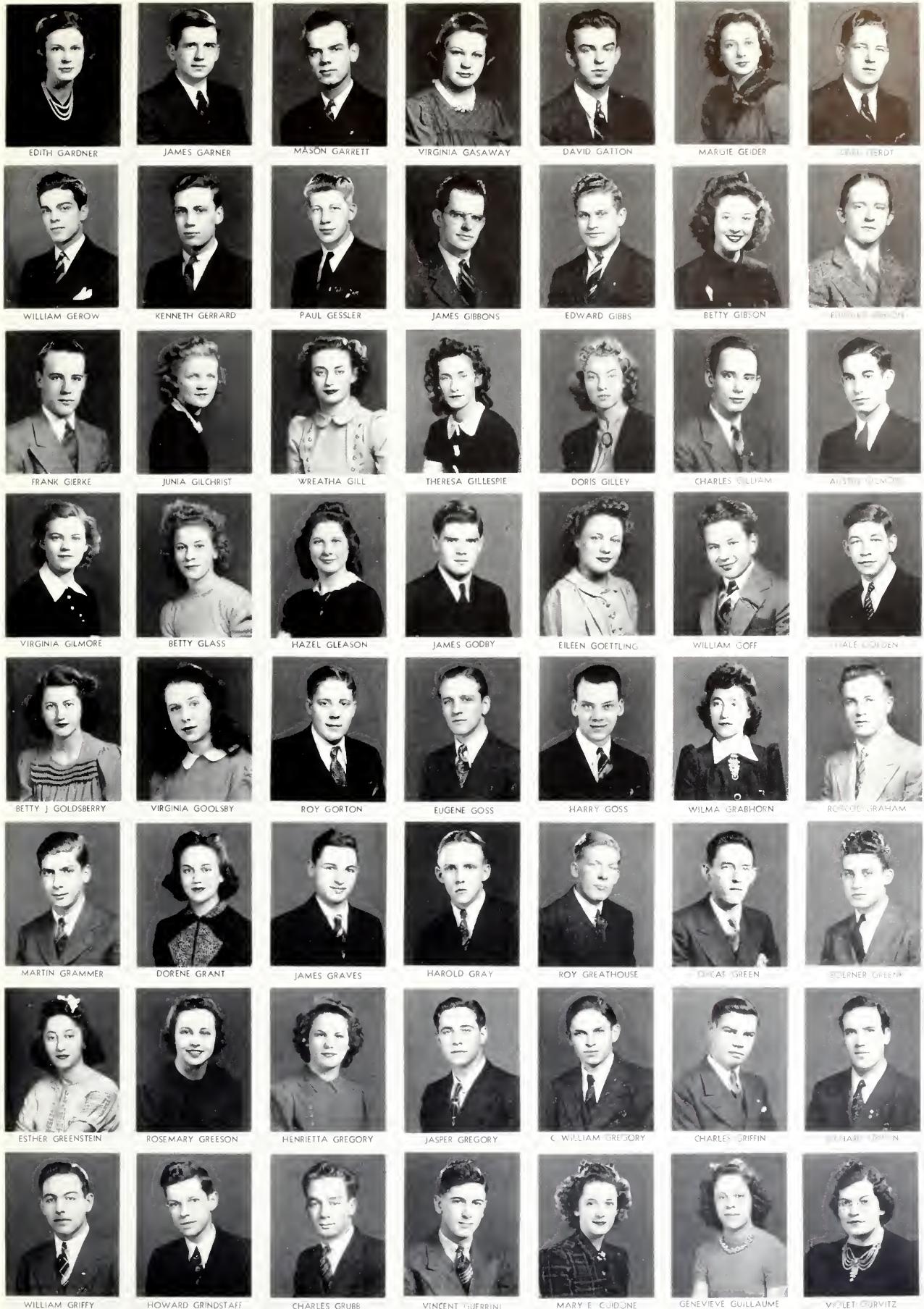
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Faye Jackson



Marian Jackson



Richard Jackson



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Harold Jhangen



Annabelle John



Eva Johnson



Margaret Johnson



Mary Johnson



Merrill Johnson



Russell Johnson



Vera Johnson



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Royce Jones



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Wesley Jones



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Mildred Joseph



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Esther Kasey



Pauline Kasting



Sherelene Keehn



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CATHERINE MABE



RUTH MACK



EDWARD MADINGER



MARY LOUISE MAGEE



EDWARD MAISEN



WILLIAM MALIN



JAMES MANNIX



EMOGENE MARQUETTE



EDITH MAE MARTIN



GERALDINE MARTIN



JOHN MARTIN



DONALD MARTIN



LAWRENCE MARTIN



GUS MASCARI



JAMES MASCHMEYER



JANE MASTERS



GORDON MATHENY



JOE MATHEWS



KENNETH MATHEWS



DEMPY MATHIS



RUTH MATILLO



CARL MATLOCK



ANNA MATTHEWS



RALPH MATTINGLY



DOROTHY MAUDLIN



DONALD MAYER



WILLIAM MAYER



DOROTHY MEDSKER



ROMUALD MEDVESCEK



VIRGINIA MELLONCAMP



RUTH MELVIN



DONALD MENTEN



DOROTHY MENTEN



GEORGE MERRIMAN



EVERETT MESSINGER



BETTY J. MEYERROSE



JOAN MEYERS



MARY F. MEYERS



MARY MIDDLETON



NORMA MIKESELL



EARL MILES



WALTER MILES



GEORGE MILLARD



CLEON MILLER



EARL MILLER



JAMES MILLER



JANE MILLER



JEAN MILLER



MARJORIE MILLER



MARY J. MILLER



RICHARD MILLER



ROBERT MILLER



ROSEMOND MILLER



EDWARD MILLS

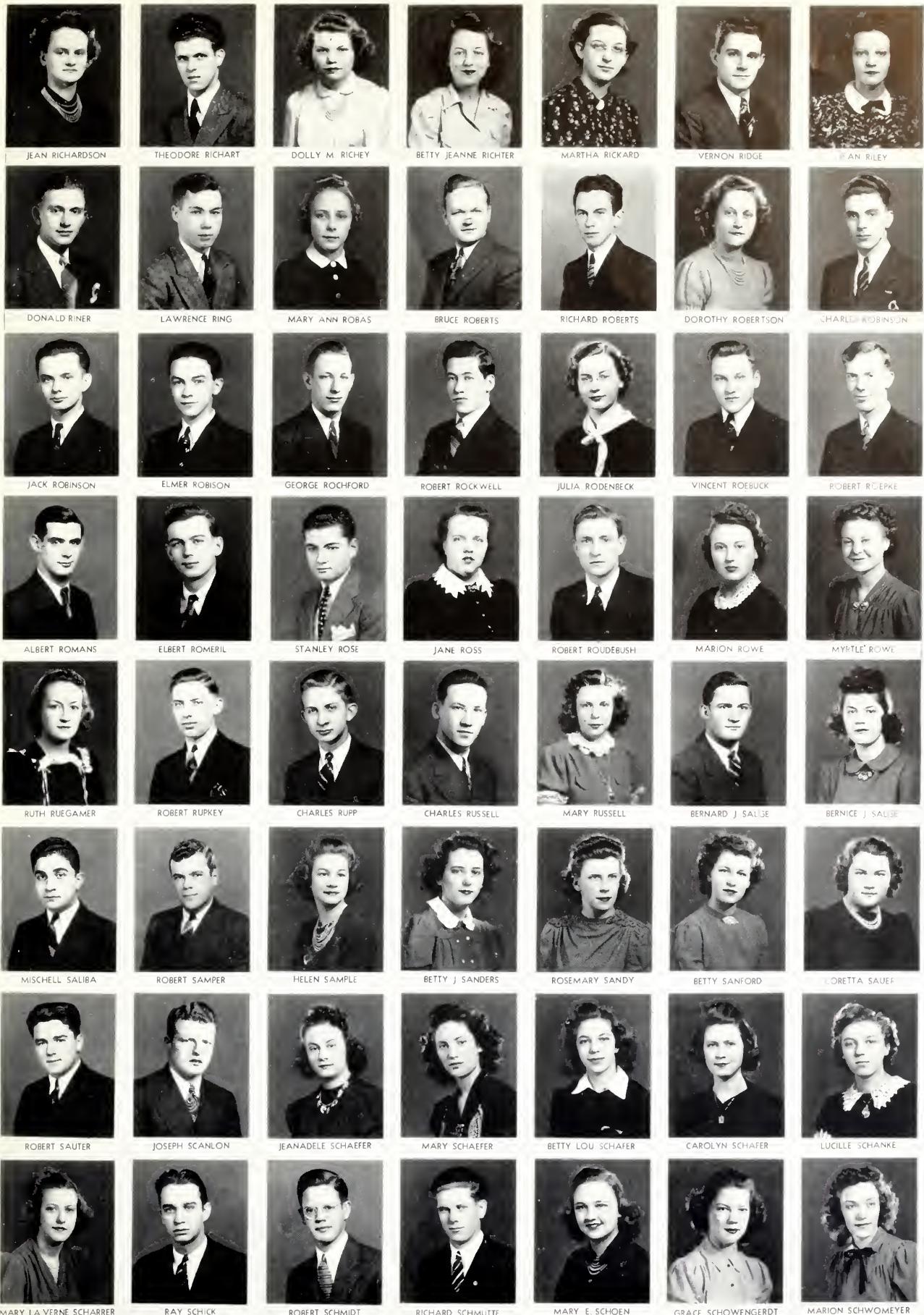


HOWARD MITCHELL



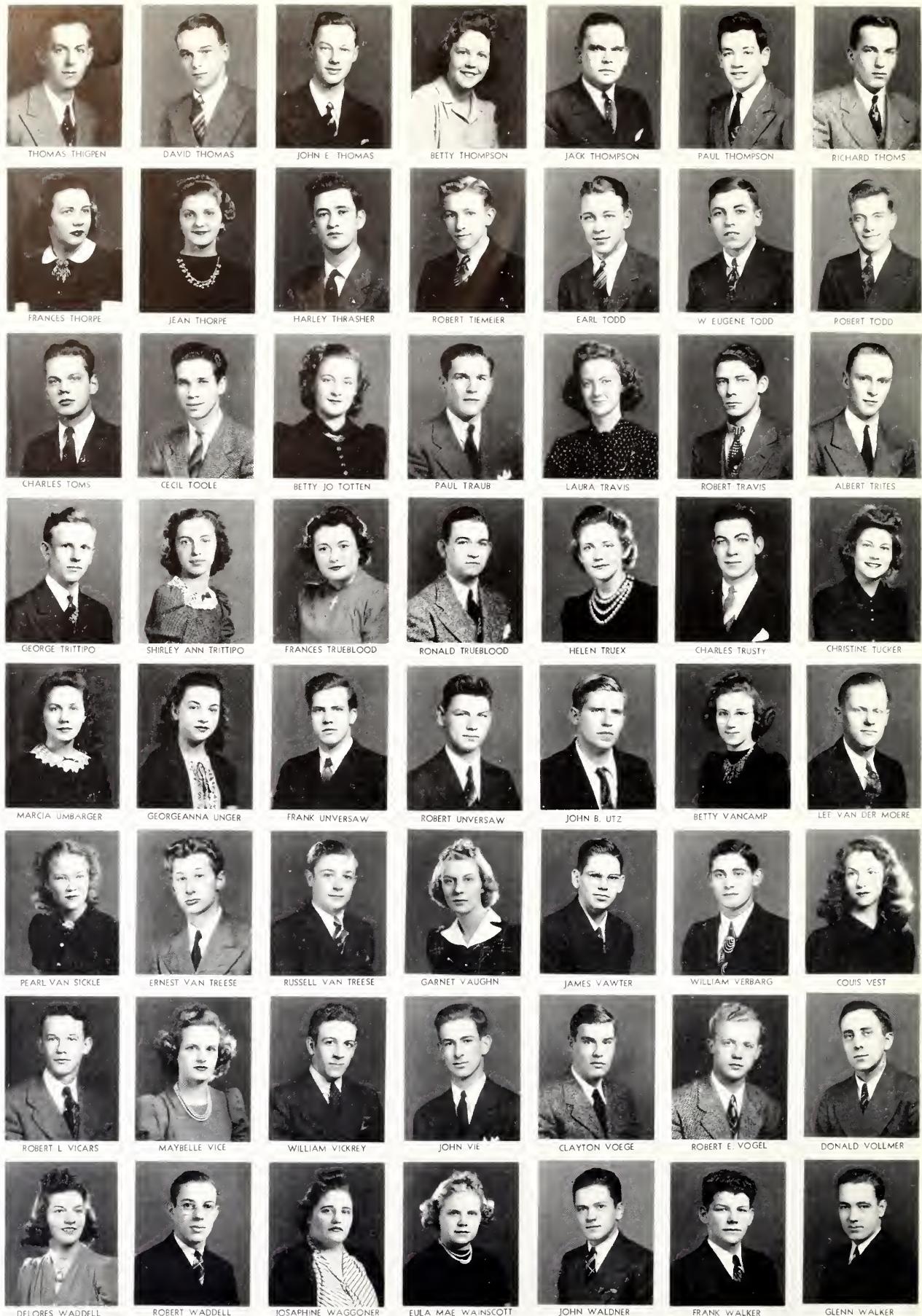


















A



B

C



We
SENIORS



F



D

E

A act in "You Can't Take It With You,"

B "Young Man's Fancy,"

C "Station YYYY."

D present the Legion Commander and Lieutenant-Commander.

E plan the winter party.

F advertise the senior play with a Y.C.T.I.W.Y. dance.

G display our class colors.

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